Work of the Mystic Seven

And Other Miscellaneous Poems

IRVING B. HAYES, M. D.

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Irving B. Hayes

Work of the Mystic Seven

CONCEALING AND REVEALING GEMS
FROM THE BORDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE

With a few Miscellaneous Poems

BY

IRVING B. HAYES, A. B., M. D.

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PREFACE TO "WORK OF THE MYSTIC SEVEN"

"Work of the Mystic Seven" had its origin in a rather unique manner as might be inferred from its perusal. It may not be amiss, therefore, to give a history of the growth and development of the ideas which finally led to its completion.

In the first place the life and training of the author had much to do with it as it had also much to do with leading him to a possession of those facts which all ages have counted a priceless heritage never to be revealed. It may be here stated that much can never be revealed and never should be, except to those minds that have proved themselves worthy by the strictest tests, as for example, the interpretations of esoteric writings.

The mind of the author was never defrauded of its birthright to investigate the truth for itself and was never humbled to submission to the follies of any conventional system. Descended from a long line of New England ancestry, the spirit of investigation with an untrammelled mind was well developed. His earliest conception of deity was that of a goodman that lived in the sky just over a great elm tree, who had made everything and everybody. This was somewhat modified when it was told that an older brother had in his youth, after being told that God had made everything, made this sage inquiry,

"Who made God?" It would appear that the child mind is often quite as much interested in getting at the truth of the first cause as the more adult intellect. There is no doubt also that it is as quickly offended at misrepresentations when once the truth is made known. From that time forward he regarded nature as an unsolved mystery which he determined to investigate by every means within reach. The great advancement the present age is making in all directions, was early realized and it was firmly believed that no mystery of nature was too great for man to solve. Perhaps this was a mistake, but it is, nevertheless, not an unpleasant thought.

After the death of a sister when he was thirteen years of age a more definite determination was formed to apply himself to this investigation; and then began the plans for a full collegiate course of study. At the age of fifteen, accordingly, his father accompanied him to Illinois and placed him under the tuition of an older brother. After two years in that genial part of the country, the long planned collegiate course was begun in the winter of 1879 and 1880, and continued with the usual vicissitudes till its completion in 1883. At that time the ideas of universal principles of nature had already taken definite shape. The conclusion had been reached that among these principles there were harmonious relations and that each was infinite and unlimited by anything. Being different from all else, each principle, when considered, must correspond to an independent interrogative. Finally when once understood it was believed that they would so correlate as to furnish their own proofs.

A more definite opinion was formed that they were seven in number and had the particular relationship which in a measure is here shown. It was, however, during the following year while pursuing a post-graduate course at the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, that, chancing to glance at the book of Revelations, he became convinced that these principles formed a part of the ancient lore of man.

Pursuing the study and practice of Civil Engineering till 1886 he found himself in New York City, after terminating an engagement as computor of triangulations in Albany. It was there he became acquainted with a peculiar genius—a man in middle life who, owing to an accident in early life had lost his hearing and sight except what could be gained by a large magnifying glass that he carried in his hand. An Irish-American, born a catholic, this man, so confined within himself, had devoted many years to constant study, making his living mainly by writing and public speaking. It is needless to say that his early faith was gone from him, and in its place was much of the philosophy of the present age coupled with advanced knowledge of ancient mysteries. He had spent years in the great libraries of the metropolis and associated with many keen minds. It was through him that the author was led to much of that extra-collegiate literature bearing upon ancient philosophy and into associations of which the multitude know little.

It was already decided that the profession of Civil Engineering was unsafe as a life work owing to the frequent depressions in financial affairs and it was also decided to follow his brother's

steps in the study of medicine. This was commenced immediately so that the stay in New York continued most of the time till 1889. Previous to that date it was decided to put these thoughts into definite shape. A few verses were already written that with slight alteration remain in the present work.

During the next four years, however, his mind was fully employed in the practice of medicine. Having removed to Atlanta, Ga., where a new field and new surroundings were found, the whole matter was in a way likely to be abandoned. But after the change of administration in 1893 he disposed of the property that had been acquired in Atlanta and again following the example of his older brother, came back to New England. After visiting the World's Fair and looking about for several months it was finally decided to locate in the town where he at present resides—the home of a free religious society and the Cosmian Hall. It is here that most of the real labor of compiling the present work, has been done.

The thoughts themselves, however, had received many years of consideration. After entering the broader fields of investigation much of the substance here presented, was developed, no doubt, through reading both ancient and modern literature; but the seven principles remain unchanged, having served in connection with received teachings to unlock many an otherwise closed entrance.

This work is submitted to those of his friends whom the author may deem advisable as a means of entertainment and in the hope that it may lead on toward the attainment of that

higher knowledge which is so much desired by all lovers of the truth. It contains much of concealed mystery and for that reason it may be proper to recommend it to some as a diversion for the mind. It contains also many practical hints on the philosophy of life which may help the moody and disconsolate to more agreeable ways of thinking and living. While the stand is quite positive on religious topics it is not the purpose of the author to antagonize the views or ways of others, well knowing that people derive help in living from various modes of thought.

It is believed, however, that the ideas here expressed will be found to coincide with the beginnings of every form of worship and not to antagonize the good of any. The form representing an initiation was chosen because of the large number of those ceremonies that have rendered people familiar with such affairs; but out of deference to no particular order. There is also a more remote reason in the thoughts to be expressed and their ancient history. Without further explanation the author will entrust these lines to those he may deem advisable.

THE AUTHOR.

FABLE OF THE WOLVES

A pack of wolves upon the plains
  Long hunted for venison together,
And each had shared in toil and pains
  Fatigue and in braving the weather.

At length they came upon a stag
  Full-grown and both pampered and lusty,
The chase was hard but none could lag
  O'er plains that were heated and dusty.

Now some were foremost in the fray,
  Some barked loud, and some labored bravely;
But when the stag was dead one day
  The barkers came up and said gravely:—

"We managed this with care and skill
  And claim that the carcass is ours.
Let those who are not tired still
  Exert for us all their powers."

And so one half were kept at bay
  The weary, hungry, and foolish.
Some worked and growled with smell for pay,
  But barkers ate stag with a relish.

The hungry lot in vain could whine
Or lick their dry chops and keep snuffing.
At last they thought they would combine
With those who had worked hard for nothing.

So when at last the meat was gone
And nothing was left worth the smelling,
The cheated ones combined upon
Revenge, with keen hunger impelling.

The growlers and whiners joined as one
With those who were faithful but cheated,
They seized the rogues too full to run
And ate up their bodies while heated.

And now the live ones all were cloyed
The barkers all dead and devoured
They formed a compact to avoid
All risks both for weak and empowered.

Whenever deer are captured now
Each wolf in the pack gets a ration.
The laws of hunger wolves allow
But men are the fools of creation.

INSTINCT

Have you seen how the humming bird sips the dew
From the plum-tree blooms in the lane?
How he steadies himself in the air so true
While he drinks the sweets they contain?

Have you watched little chickens and turkeys drop
When the mother hen spies a hawk?
And how quickly they scramble to fill their crop
When she calls with coaxing cu-cluck?

Then spiders weave webs with great skill designed
Where the flies are surest to go.
Thus are cells of the body by instinct combined
Best arranged for the good they bestow.

One may ask how it is that all this can be.
Truths of nature grand and sublime!
Why make sport of our thoughts and with child-like glee
Hide within our minds all the time?

Is the problem of instinct too deep to solve
While the world is full of its work?
When a thousand details of our lives involve
Traits of mind that must in us lurk?

From our birth to our death we rehearse a tune
Played by all who have travelled before.
When the cords are well struck what a precious boon
That inspires our nature to soar!

Thus the notes of a bird are a song to him
That recalls the past of his race,
As the legends of old when the past grows dim
Fill the soul with valor and grace.

Every trait of the mind of the impulse, sense,
Life itself is one inherited plan
Which we all should protect with a firm defense
And transmit unmarred if we can.

For the instinct descends as a trait of mind
Though it acts unprompted by thought,
While it forms but a part of the soul, we find,
Breathing life into forms it has wrought.

UNCLE BECK—AN EX-SLAVE

Bowed down with his threescore years and ten,
With the toil of life and the want of age
Grey bearded and wrinkled, black, his skin
But his looks were grave and his manner sage.

"Fine day Uncle Beck. How goes the world?"
"Well de times am hard but I scraps along
A cobblin' ol' shoes." His thread he twirled
As he paused to "'splain why de worl' goes wrong."

"You see dese 'ere niggers haint got sense,
Wid a boss to drive 'em dey works all right.
But min' I don' say or make pretense
For mysel' I likes to be driven quite.

"You see dat my masser 'fo' de war
Was a gemman fine an' he uster spree.
Well I was his body slave and lor'
What a time we had 'fo' dey set us free.

"Sometimes he come fussin' ravin' 'roun'
An' he make tings blue for de niggers sho'
Sometimes we got lashed and wiped de groun'
Den I tell ye tings went a hummin' tho'.

"De paterole men came 'roun' at night,
Allus after a nigger dat stole a ham
I tell ye we all kep' out o' sight
When we heard dose hoofs on de groun' tram'
tram'.

"De time o' de wa' come 'roun' at las'
An' my marser, he was jes' boun' to go
Den somehow or other it came to pass
Dat he 'sided dis nigger serve as befo'.

"So off to de wa' we hurried on
An' de lark wa' nebber a half so gay,
We thought we could lick all de Yankees bo'n
Befo' breakfast somebody uster say.

"But when we came back de tune wa' changed
An' de lark wa' plucked if I know my min'.
So den come on freedom. All wa' 'ranged
So's to suit de big folks 'cross de line.

"Den niggers all got so big a head
Dat dey thought dey nebber would work no
mo'
But dance ebry night an' lay abed
An' eat pie an' possum as nebber befo'.

"De ways ob de worl' am hard to tell
But niggers fin' like de res' o' folks
Dey haf to keep scramlin, doin' well
If dey keep de body an' soul from croaks."

"Well Uncle, no doubt you wish old times
Would come back again with their rounds of fun,"
"My thoughts about dat soun' bad in rhymes
An' I'm gettin' ol' to be totin' a gun;

"But truf mus' be tol' or nuffin' 'tall
So den now I'm free I will speak my min',
If ebber I hear de bugle call
I will wade through blood into freedom's line."

A RIVER DREAM

We sat upon the river's brink
And listened to its babbling
Until the sun began to sink
The rosy clouds bedappling.

CHORUS—
Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright
Through shady woodlands winding
With heart that leaps in pure delight
Of memories dear reminding?

How sweet on balmy breezes brought
The wild perfume of flowers!
How quick the notes of wood birds caught
Receptive ears like ours!

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright, etc.

For then we dreamt of future bliss
Far past the world denying,
And there we pressed that sweetest kiss
For which true hearts were sighing.

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright, etc.

But lo, the past is all a dream
And once again in childhood
We rove along that very stream
At play beneath the wildwood.

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright,
etc.

There stones and moss in shady nook
We sought for hours together,
Or dipped the baited anglers hook
And fished in lowery weather.

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright,
etc.

But now are others by our side,
This blissful dream is changing.
We feel at length parental pride
Through woods with children ranging.

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright,
etc.

And so reflecting on the past
We see that winding river
Where oft our happy lot was cast
In dreams that last forever.

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright,
etc.

Both old and young enjoy such dreams
For thus the soul was moulded.
In ages past we dwelt on streams
And there our hearts unfolded.

CHORUS—Oh have you dreamt of rivers bright,
etc.

WORK OF THE MYSTIC SEVEN,

CONCEALING AND REVEALING GEMS FROM THE BORDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE.

May wisdom, finding true expression
Here couched in strange and varied rhyme,
From ages dark with fierce oppression,
Resound through corridors of time,
Where harps respond to tones recurring
In ancient chords from human hearts,
A deepened sense of music stirring
That man may guard his ancient arts.

APOLOGY.

At some remote forgotten date
When men were wise and happy,

Before the ills since been their fate
Had rendered half unhappy,
There was a grand old mystic rite
All nations celebrated,
And by a dim but hallowed light
Their precepts formulated.

Their lessons from the stars were taught
And names to these were given
That truths to mind might e'er be brought
To those who search the heaven.
Such are the facts that move
My erring pen to scribble
Some things we never yet may prove
And some that can be thribble.

Some parts forsooth are backward penned
And some are forward written
But all at least the truth defend
Or fit it like a mitten.
Now after ages past and gone
To learn the Mystic Seven
We always must rely upon
The stars we see in heaven.

Candidate entering:—

"What means that light that shines so bright?
My thoughts it claims as if from flames
Their essence came, or were the same,
My head is dazed if not quite crazed
By such a glare that draws me there
And lures me on. Ah now 'tis gone,
A little spark gleams through the dark—
The spark of life with gladness rife
Which all men strive to keep alive
And cherish so their joys may glow.
I'll take my turn and try to learn
What that may be. What do I see?"

A voice from within:—

Hold young daring youth,
Must thou know the truth?
Trifle not in this,
Seek elsewhere for bliss.
Backward leads this light
Through the gloom of night,
Back to ancient times,
Back to distant climes.
First the peril know,
Then, if thou wilt go,

Just to learn those things,
Braving pains and stings
Which the past has known,
Go, but not alone.
Ever at thy side
Shall there be a guide.
Heed his words and hold
Firm, though scenes unfold
That shall chill thy blood,
Bring anon a flood
Of hot tears, or strain
All thy nerves with pain.
Such has been the course
Of that vital force
Which thou seek to learn
Which within must burn
As it has before
In thy sires of yore.
That the heaving waves,
Which the sailor braves,
Stormy winds at night,
Or the war's sad plight,
Are like music sweet
With which sirens greet
When compared to this—

Like a sweetheart's kiss,
In embowered bliss
To a serpent's hiss.
O seek not abodes of death,
But rather the vital breath,
For onward thy being yearns
To speed, as no flame returns
To set the cold ash afire,
Let hope of new life inspire
And keep all thy passions strong
That pilot the soul along.
What sayest thou, go or stay?
Inform me without delay.

Candidate replies:—

Winds may blow and the waves may roar
As I go to that unknown shore,
But my mind is now firmly set;
You will find all those dangers met
With a heart that is brave and true
And no part shall I ever rue.

OATH

Voice from within:—

Then swear to be true to thyself and thy kind,
Remember thou too hast no pelf and art blind.

The same as thou findest the case with thee now—
This oath is to bind in this place thou must vow—
Should others be found and their claims be made good
Kind deeds shall abound and no blames understood
Shall mar thy good name. This thou also must swear
To see that no shame ever falls to thy share.
Thy fathers behold thee thy sons shall recall
Whose love should e'er hold thee responsive to all.
Their witness shall be lest thy troth be gainsaid
Then speak and be free be not loth nor afraid.
Candidate repeats:—
All this do I swear and my faith is now plighted
To walk with all care where my path shall be lighted.
My guide is not blind; I will trust to his seeing
And follow behind for I must not be fleeing.
I naught will reveal and no anger will cherish;
All secrets conceal though I hang till I perish.
My name I declare is in truth just as follows
By all that is fair though forsooth on the gallows.

Guide Directs:—

"Let us ask of the Lord that His mercies be shown us
May this task bring reward and no curses to harm.
Since His will is Almighty we trust He will own us
So while still in His sight never must take alarm."

OPENING SONG

Chorus singing:—

When men shall unite let their hearts form the union
And good be the plan kept in view,
Be praise to the right which shall have all dominion
Though followers number but few!

The right is the end for which all should be longing
And nothing should stand in its way,
No creeds that may rend to the churches belonging
Or forms that but serve for display.

As much as our way may diverge from the rightful
So much will our souls be to blame
And no one should say though his heart may be spiteful
Some other shall suffer the same.

But those are not safe who proclaim their perfection
And call on the Lord the most loud,
Or claim to vouchsafe to the soul a protection
Not found to its goodness allowed.

For error is sure in the end to be noted
Bad plans can be never fulfilled,
So only the pure in the heart are denoted
To see in the end what they willed.

Events of the past are all fitted together
No change in them ever was made
And all will at last be informed as to whether
Their plans have been properly laid.

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Bad plans can be never fulfilled;
So only the pure in the heart are denoetd
To see in the end what they willed.

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And call on the Lord the most loud,
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When men shall unite let their hearts form the union
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Though followers number but few!

Guide introduces ☺

If now thy silent prayer is done
And still thy courage holds,
Give me thy hand. This course begun
Ends not till much unfolds.

Behold the golden eye of day,
The sun whose rays outshine
All other lights in grand array,
His light our path defines.

O master of the golden orb,
Declare to us our course,
From thee all things on earth absorb
Their strength, their life and force.

True symbol of the primal means
By which all things are moved,
We beg thee tell what wondrous scenes
Thy searching glance hath proved.

A CHARGE

Master representing the Sun:—
Oh youth, eternal thine estate.
In thee the resurrection of the past

Is made complete. That lofty trait
That piercing glance thine haughty eye doth cast,
That movement of thy shapely limb,
But tells me of thy warrior sires.
Shall years their hoary records dim?
Or quench their soul's undying fires?

In thee, the serf and king unite;
In thee is blent the past of all thy race;
In thee the souls pre-Adamite
Still dwell and lend thee yet their living grace.
That calmness which can bring relief
That courage which disdains despair
Still tell us of their ancient grief,
Their present love and watchful care.

No wretch so low that treads the earth
But harbors in his heaving breast the fate
Of cherished souls that gave him birth,
Thy kindred of the past whose love or hate
Within thee burns at their disgrace
And bids the succor their distress.
When lines of anguish mark a face
All feel the sadness they impress.

The highest care of life should be
To keep those vital flames within unquenched,
That life and love's undying glee
May shed their glow upon thy race entrenched;
That thus the world more perfect made
May be the heaven men have sought,
That here a kingdom shall be laid
As grand and good as love e'er wrought.

I now command thee take the course
That leads toward that orb whose crescent light
Shall loose thy bonds and grant recourse
To ancient times. Thy soul at dead of night
Shall follow back to whence it came
And guided by the planet's rays
Shall learn what ages past proclaim.
Behold what visions meet thy gaze!

HEREAFTER

Chorus:—

When the sun shall descend the stars will appear
And the silvery moon illumine the earth.
Then do birds of the air and squirrels repair

To their nests in the oak
Where their joys first awoke
In the breath of sweet life that came with their birth.

At the end of our day when life shall depart
May the stars and the moon shed softly their light.
May we feel in our heart, well done is our part
And go back in our mind
To the gladness we find
In the course of a life well spent for the right.

May the light from new worlds unseen in our day
Bring its peace to our soul's departing at last.
We can think as we may of passing away,
But the life that we lead
It is well we should heed
And our duty be done before it is past.

For the day of our life is never complete
Till the morning, the noon, and the evening have come.
Those who rise and compete with glory retreat
And attain to their own,
With a joy that is known

But to those who have tried what life may become.

At the noon of our life fond love we should know
And behold in our children grace that is fair.
May our souls in them show with a radiant glow,
In the face at our knee
In the moonlight we see
At the evening of life. The soul has gone there.

Guide:—

Behold the crescent orb of night appears
Fit emblem of the changeful course of years;
And now the dead of night at length draws nigh
With glimmers of the past that flit before the eye.

To the moon:—

Oh moon, as on our souls the past is wrought
Thy visage all its grace to mind has brought.
We seek thy silent benediction now.
Wilt thou safe passage to the past allow?

To candidate again:—

The heavy wheels of time must onward roll,
But if thou heed the beckonings of thy soul

The past will now its precious truths unfold.
Have courage with thy manner not too bold.

Representing ☽ :—

Now backward at length may thy soul take its flight.
Once more as a child shalt thou slumber to-night.
Thy mothers embrace thee, thy fathers protect,
And thus on these loved ones thy mind should reflect.

The flames of their lives now encircle the earth
Which kindled thy life into being at birth.
All men are thy kindred and love for mankind
Should make them thy brothers by ties that must bind.

Thy path will now lead through a lodge of the past
Where men once convened and their fortunes were cast.
Its name has been called Mystic Seven of old.
The astrologer's lesson we next will unfold.

THE ENGENDERED

Beneath the starlit heavens
Our ancient master strode.
He taught the young of sevens
That formed his sacred code.

Of seven parts the godhead,
Of seven spheres was space,
And seven days embodied
The round of weekly grace.

☽

And first the will of heaven
Our master did esteem
The lord of all the seven
Whose glory is supreme.

So Jove, that shines most brightly
Of all the stars we see,
Was hailed as ruler nightly
Of all on land or sea.

☉

And next the power he guided
Was called the ruler's son.

As day from night divided
Behold the glorious sun!

For now the sunbeams flashing
Proclaim the lord of day,
Across the heavens dashing
No might his course can stay.

And so our source of power
Becomes to us its sign.
Before it all must cower
Both mortal and divine.

☿

Third Logos gained attention
Of all the powers that be,
To prove a grand intention
To show the perfect three.

See Mercury half hiding
Within the sun's bright rays
To teach us of confiding
In Wisdom's holy ways.

Of Thot on wingèd sandals
We tell each Wednesday eve,

And burn the seven candles
To show what we believe.

♄

And next to distant Saturn
With rings to ancients known,
They pointed as a pattern
With boundless space was shown.

Around his path so slowly
He leads his silent train,
That people high and lowly
Proclaimed his solemn reign.

This son of Coelus merits
Creation's mighty realm.
His throne of space inherits
From him who holds the helm.

♂

But Mars we see up yonder
That glows so fiery red,
His rays inspire with wonder
As darts and spears with dread.

He hurls his shafts so truly
To distant parts of space,
That all creation duly
Is warned in every place.

With truth his spears are pointed
The very quick to sting,
And at the time appointed
Disclosing everything.

For all we know of matter
Must come through space to us,
And rays like darts must scatter
For one to feel it thus.

♀

So next, and most delightful
Is Veuus, lovely star;
The name we give is rightful,
No faults its beauty mar.

With love and joy is ended
The story planets tell;
And through it all is blended
The truth we love so well.

☽

For now the moon appearing,
Illumes the silent night,
As through the darkness peering
We see its crescent light.

Of time it tells the story,
Of changes and events;
Diana in her glory
The gloom of night prevents.

Our ancient master teaches
His lessons day by day;
Through names his wisdom reaches
The humblest of the lay.

Guide introducing Hermes:—

We now shall hear in turn,
What planets tell of nature;
From them we hope to learn
The truths which all should treasure.

Swift Hermes circles first
Around the source of power,
Like dainty budlet nursed
Beside a full blown flower.

All kinds of beauty wrought,
Designs, or crystals moulded,
Were fashioned first in thought
Before their forms unfolded.

And all more wondrous seem
The nearer to the atoms;
Thus microbes lustrous gleam
And more like thinking phantoms.

The lily's blushing tints
On sweetly scented petal
May give the artist hints
And try the chemist's metal.

But cells have made those paints,
And oils so sweetly scented;
And wrought without complaints
The beauteous plans presented.

Yon twinkling planet shines,
Fleet Mercury belated;
Of thought and fair designs
A symbol justly rated.

He teaches us to seek
In every part for learning;
With open hearts and meek,
No source of wisdom spurning.

PROVE WISDOM

Representing ☿ :—

Oh Man, how little you know with so keen a mind!
Your wisdom is folly compared to the plan
By which your body was formed, where by instinct blind
Each cell does the best for the whole that it can.

Yes, blind to all but its duty it does its part.
Thus man were he blind to himself and the wrong,
Might serve the body of men with his wisdom and subtle art,
As birds in the spring to the world sing their song.

But here and now it appears to most that we find,
Is all that is worthy of notice to them.
No other race and no other degree but the class defined,
Is quite like themselves and all else they contemn.

"What fools were heathen of old when they worshipped stars,"
Says one. "And again when they named them from gods,"
Another echoes, "As Saturn and Venus, Mars,
And all of the planets. Their names make no odds."

"And strangely we find that the days of the week are named
From deities they must have vainly adored,
The same in fact with the planets as some have claimed,"
Thus ancient knowledge is scoffed and abhorred.

Another answers perchance and remarks quite cool:

"These ancients might worship some attributes then
Of God or nature and not after all play the fool,
Bul still they were not quite as smart as our ten."

Arabian, Hindu, and Chinaman each is sure
That all but his people are nothing but fools;
And Christians, scientists, all Europeans lure
Themselves into thinking how grand are their schools.

Who built that pile to the sun in remote Baalbec?
What fool would you think could design such a style;
Or ruins Egypt has left as a nation's wreck
Where pyramids, columns, and sphinxes may smile?

Then ancient ruins of thought may be found in names
And words which, if studied, produce grand results;
So never think that the past is not all that it claims,
And proves that it is "hearty food for adults."

Then insects, birds, and our animal neighbors too,
And creatures too small to be seen with our eyes,
All have their traits, and in getting their food, they do
Just what is found best for their needs and their size.

Some microbes live but a day and their course is run,
Unless they may live but a part of some life,
Like those we find in a body that war as one
No matter how many may die in the strife.

From all these beings we learn if the truth we see,
That much still remains for the wise to find out,
And prove that all are not fools that may seem to be,
To those who are careless in looking about.

CREATION FOR GOD'S GLORY, NOT MAN'S

CHORUS:—

Why bloom in sweet perfection
The roses in the dale;
'Mid thorns for their protection
By springs that never fail?

Oh brightly spotted adder
Why coil yourself to spring
On birds? To make us sadder
Because they cease to sing?

You mild-eyed hooting jester
Soft downy feathered owl,
Why tear the plumèd songster
Or pampered farm-yard fowl?

To spoil for us our dinner
In want of better sport?
Or do you play the sinner,
And our forgiveness court?

Why yelps the wild fox nightly
Behind the chicken's coop?

He surely guesses rightly—
We want them for our soup.

But man, both slow at guessing,
And seldom seeing right,
Deceives himself, professing
To know it all at sight.

These creatures that surround us
Have longings in their hearts
That often may confound us,
And baffle all our arts.

While even plants that flower,
Select the choicest spot,
And prove the subtle power
That guards them in their lot.

That man is gone with madness
Who thinks that only he
Was made to feel the gladness
Of all the things we see.

But life for all is pleasure,
And nothing is in vain,
If good for all we treasure
Apart from selfish gain.

THE TRESTLEBOARD

Guide:—

Next we find our trestleboard
Must be explained and noted;
Its points and lines afford
A clue to work devoted.

Seven paths are weekly trod,
With seven resting places,
Each of these should teach of God
And all His love embraces.

Seven planets give them name,
In order strictly mentioned,
Attributes of Him proclaim,
And prove all well-intentioned.

So our trestleboard is found
Designed upon this basis,
Seven points by lines are bound,
Which thus a star form traces.

Seven questions mind may ask
Of nature and her magic,
Reason finds a noble task,
But answers by her logic.

Marking well these points and lines,
Swift Hermes speaks again.
Here the truth of God's designs
Are shown once more to men.

WHENCE THE ELEMENTS

☿ *again:*—

Of seventy elements or more
In varied combinations formed,
All things are known through chemic lore
To be produced to laws conformed.

From crude, coherent poison drug,
To fruit of tropic, wholesome food,
From clod of earth to humble bug
These things compose the good and rude.

Yet when we view them close we find
That these but differ in the way,
The forms of energy combined
To make them facts that last for aye.

All change in this relates to force;
And force depends on laws of space;
And this implies one common source;
That source to thought like ours we trace.

For thought forms plans, and plans when formed
Must prove an author thought them out,
So reason proves to be the ground
Of action in ourselves and all about.

Perception, thought and will are parts
That form the mind, but whence has come
This mind that all our joy imparts?
Indeed all things contain its sum.

The life of man is but a plan
That lasts some seventy years or more.
The child must grow to be a man,
And tread the paths all trod before.

So this life's lesson is reviewed,
And each by all is taught the way
That leads to right, the wrong eschewed,
For nature seldom leads astray.

All plans united into one
The great eternal whole must make
And thus we end where all begun
In God whose love all lives partake.

STAR OF WISDOM

Chorus:—

Star of wisdom all divine!
Fill our souls with light of thine.
Rounds of ages we are living,
To the future life are giving.
Perfect be this life of ours
To impart its sacred powers.

Childhood blessed with holy charm,
Manhood reared to might of arm,
Maiden virtue most becoming,
All inspire through ages coming
Confidence and grace unended.
Precious life by these defended!

Every part of life's short span
Proves the art of wisdom's plan.
Through it all we can detect
Changing moods that help protect.
To review life's round of blessing
Is our object of progressing.
Hail to Thot, the holy word,
Holy Ghost, and sacred bird!

Guide:—

Thy mind should now be turned
To thoughts of love and glory
From Venus may be learned
That precious old old story,

SOCIALISM OF LOVE

Representing ♀

If thou wouldst know the joys of life
And reach a noble ending,
Be never slow to meet its strife
Nor wait for help and lending.
For he is only half a man
Who does not make his living
But rests upon that other plan—
To live by others giving.

Now it is best each one be tried
To prove his strength to master,
And put to test whate'er betide
That all improve the faster;
For those are left who fall behind
And waste their time in dreaming,
While those more deft and not so blind
Win life with pleasures teeming.

But every one should have a chance
As good as any other.
The wise and good may thus advance
The weak ones be no bother.
Then it is only fair that these
As brothers be regarded
That all may do the way they please
With interests safely guarded.

If people want their burdens light
Then all should help to carry.
When each shall use his brain and might
Why need the poor to tarry?
For half the world is idle now
And half the good things wasted,
And half the rest we must allow
Were better never tasted.

Now rights are granted by the laws
Which people think are rightful,
And well we know they are the cause
Of many things delightful.
But laws should change when out of date
To suit the new conditions,
And now we find their present state
May need a few additions.

For now we have machines and tools
And swift communication
At length there is no need of fools
To drudge, with education.
So let the lash be laid aside
With work at length a pleasure,
Since now it is the knaves take pride
In boasting of their treasure.

The game of life has laws we find
For safety must be followed,—
Thus, if the big fish are behind,
Some minnows will be swallowed.
But nature and not wealth has made
The balance of our power,
And those who shall her laws evade
Beneath her might must cower.

So it is best for every race
That all should win their stations,
Then, when the weak ones fall apace,
No bid one grabs their rations.
When none can build his house on wealth
And each must use his talents,
Then all will find in strength and health
That nature holds the balance.

Thus Venus lead the way to love
With joy and every blessing.
To nature's path she points above
The truth to all confessing;—
That life is sweet and must be spared
And won each generation.
No future hope can be compared
To this sure affirmation.

EQUITY, THE WORLD'S NEED

Chorus:—

The cataract's booming torrent swells
The sum of human power.
The breeze that once sighed through the forest tells
Who built the windmill tower.

And deep from the coal mine comes the force
That turns so many a wheel;
One asks in his heart—"Will time in its course
The ills of the poor man heal?"

The ocean tides may bring new means
To add to human might,
The flames from the crater's awful scenes
May furnish electric light;

But while a few unfairly keep
The stock of human wealth,
Full many may turn from toil to sleep
In hunger and ill health.

Now when, at length, some electric light
Shall shine upon the moon,
We hope it may flash to all in sight
The news of our greatest boon—

That all hereafter shall start out fair
On the road for comforts here,
The good of all to be their care
And failure not to fear.

For while the souls of rich and poor
Are turned from nature's course,
At some time mingling blood is sure
To bring its own remorse.

LOVE'S ADVICE

♀ *again:*—

Kind nature now our servant
Should be our only slave,
Grown wise and more observant
Mankind its own should save;
Should spare the widow's weeping,
Supply the orphan's needs,
While bounteous harvests reaping
Should rise to nobler deeds.

But can this be expected
While men for wealth compete?
And he is most respected
Who can his neighbor beat?
The power of the nations
Should hold such lust in check,
Till none shall know privations
That make of life a wreck.

While great may be the power
That some may justly win,
As mighty oaks that tower
From tiny shoots begin;

So each should start out lowly
And grow to fill his place.
At first it should be slowly
For good to win the race.

For sudden acquisitions
With folly will be spent
And broaden class divisions,
Since few can be content
To use their own resources
When others are in hand.
Temptations luring forces
Weak men cannot withstand.

To give a man a fortune
He does not fairly earn
Must some way bring misfortune,
For each must take his turn,
And justice is essential
In all the laws of life.
To right of deferential
May men thus end their strife.

When nations of hereafter
Shall occupy the earth,
May hills resound with laughter

And vales be filled with mirth.
May all men live as brothers
And share their happy lot
Each blessing all the others
With enmity forgot.

PREPARE FOR LIGHT

Guide:—

Guard well thine eyes. Our pathway lies
Straight hence toward the blazing sun.
Once more prepare. Let not despair
Turn thee aback from right begun,

For sages old have ever told
That maxim grave,—"Turn not from right,"
But bravely strive, while yet alive
To learn the truth and seek for light.

What though the past return at last
That worshipped sunlight and the dawn?
We still may find another kind
Of wisdom then, not wholly gone.

In every myth there is a pith
That swells the sum of human lore.
Did sun gods stand on every hand
E'er heroes all their titles bore?

Each virgin-born on Christmas morn
In lowly cave or manger laid,
Whose head has shone as sun alone
With light could shine and never fade.

Strange works the sun has always done!
As on its journey north it goes,
It brings to life what winter's strife
Has slain by all our dreaded foes.

Three days in hell did heroes dwell
That from the sun their likeness drew.
A cross each bore in days of yore
As saving grace to men if true.

The world is wide. On every side
We find these myths were known and told
From Afric wild to Asia mild
And Mexico in days of old.

A triune god on every sod
Whereon the sun has shone we find.
The second one in truth the sun—
Osiris, Chrishna, Buddha kind.

Quetsalcohuatle with wrong did battle
Whose Indian temples bore thy name,
Oh Sun. Declare to wisdom's heir—
Thy secrets to this youth proclaim.

THE SUN'S VIEW

Representing ☉:—

Children of this lesser sphere,
Hear me now and nothing fear.
I have viewed this world while rolling
On through space like demon strolling;
Viewed it with this thought consoling,
Life is there if nothing here—
Life that all have found most dear,
Though it bring so oft a tear.
When I watch yon church bells tolling
Call the crowds to faith-controlling,
And the mystic rites I see,

That I know refer to me;
Then at last do I remember
Of my birthday in December,
In the sign that rules September—
Virgo or Maya may be—
As the name now comes to me.
All the world both land and sea
Was at peace in every member—
Filled with love like glowing ember.
As I glanced upon the earth
All proclaimed my joyous birth.
For ten thousand years abiding
Was that peace and all confiding,
Till at length there came dividing
In a season fraught with death.—
Till the races ceased from mirth
While they counted every worth
With the wicked over-riding.
Then the virgin was presiding
In the holy month of May.
In the lamb was solstice day.
For the scroll of heaven turning
With each equinox returning
Wrought its change, all nature spurning.
Though twelve thousand years away,

In the past, your sages say,
When they sing in roundelay,
Was the golden age of learning,
But they little know concerning
All the changes that took place
On the earth before my face.
For I saw Atlantis sinking
With its millions little thinking
They would perish in a blinking.
Then I saw on every race
Changes wrought that I could trace
Through events more commonplace.
You will find my stories linking
From your purpose never shrinking
That my words are safe and true.
All these things I show to you
As the judge of all creation.
Seeing good in every nation
I proclaim my celebration.—
Each two thousand years I do
As I pass before your view—
Now in Scorpio nearly due
Is my birthday ordination
Past the bowman's constellation.
For your era was begun

At the very time your sun
Passed within this sign I mention,
And I hereby call attention
To a very good intention
To begin the count with one
When the Archer's age is done,
Since I am the triune son.
Now without a hesitation
You proceed to consummation.

ATLANTIS

Chorus:—

Often think of the land of the blest
That was sunk in the eddying ocean,
For its standard of right is our quest
To restore to our children their portion.

We are told that to each at his birth
A proportionate share was provided
Of the whole that accrued to the worth
Of the world with its wealth undivided.

The Essenes and the earliest sect
Of the Christians and Therepeut doctors
Have declared that the strong should protect
And should be to the weak benefactors.

That the greatest should be as the least
And should serve in his sphere like another,—
Not usurp to himself like a beast
All the goods of the earth from his brother.

Thus a lifetime annuity brings
As each adds on his yearly accretion
A most happy adjustment of things,
Since all seek to improve their condition.

Let us take our next step in advance
On the course of our grand evolution,
In good time like a tune of the dance,
And lead on to the right resolution.

THE LEAST WRONG MAY BE FATAL

Guide:—
Our ancient magicians long taught it was right
To labor by day and to rest by the night.
In strength thus renewd and in toil is delight.

They said that the sun on its path to the west
Would never turn backward nor stop for a rest
Till darkness had come with its silent behest.

If only a minute the sun had been turned
To move on a course to the east unconcerned
The truth of their maxim would surely be learned.—

Two minutes behind would its course have been run,
Two minutes too late had the twilight begun,
Its place in the heavens could never be won.

So those who have tried all their lives to be good,
And turn for a moment to wrong understood,
Can never climb back where they ought to have stood.

Now guard thy steps for many meet
With strange mishaps along this road.
We trust that now thou art discreet,
And wrong assume thou wilt unload.

LIFE'S PATH

☺ *again :—*

Between two lofty mountain peaks
Is stretched a narrow silken band,
And over this whoever seeks
For life must gain the promised land.

The slightest error or mishap
Will send thee headlong far below.
Unlike a gentle mother's lap
Is spread that valley broad and low.

For in it dwell the monstrous herds
Of evils dire destructions brood,
That from it rise like carrior birds
And forth their gruesome heads protrude.

This is the path of life for all,
And while we pass this dizzy height
How many slip and downward fall
To depths of sorrow's awful plight!

But, guided by the star of love
And guarded by the watchful care
Of souls that reached their place above,
A few will win their mansions there.

For life is grand when once attained
With all the glory of the race,
When spread to all and thus maintained,
No chance its glory can efface.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

Chorus:—

Wheresoe'er the Sun doth shine
In its glory all divine
From its rising to decline,

All the nations of mankind
Tell in allegory blind
Of a man most wondrous kind,

Who the blessed precepts told
Nobler life thereby to mould
With the sinful well controlled.

But the wicked ever rise
Like the clouds in fairest skies,
Thus the wrong all right defies.

So within God's holy church,
Wrongs will come like birds to perch
In the nitches hard to search;

But behold the eye of day
Drives the darkest clouds away,
And we trust his light will stay.

On the cross of Calvary
Shine, O sun, that all may see
What thy glorious truth may be!

In thy light all life has grown,
Evolutions it has shown.
By progression it is known,
Living forms were all produced.
To a science quite reduced,
Truths from life are thus deduced.

Traces left in ancient stones,
Footprints there, and fossil bones,
Tell their truths in thunder tones;
While the deeper student finds
Food for more reflective minds
In life's varying modes and kinds.

So the soul of man was made,
Rising slowly grade by grade.
May its glories never fade!
Search, O sun, for truth and right!
Shed on all thy glorious light!
Lead us back from error's night!

Guide:—

Once more the sun in glory passed,
We meet with Mars of warlike fame,
But here we find his virtues classed
With those more worthy of the name.

The truth by him will be revealed
As truths are shown throughout all space,
For nothing ever is concealed
And time cannot the truth efface.

LOGIC OF PERPETUAL VERITIES

Representing ♂ *:—*

Some truth or reality surely exists,
Or nothing would *be* which is never true;
Since nothing is that of which nothing consists,
And truth is a basis that none can rue.

Then time is a verity sure as a fact
That *never* was anything true without
And space we assume before something is lacked
And truth is discovered *nowhere* about.

Now change is another undoubted affair
That makes the connection of time and space.
Without it no time and no need of a where
And with it we find that the truth has place.

But change from the truth we could never believe,
At once in two places is not the same,
And change out of space is no truth we conceive
Nor entering space where it never came.

So change to no space or to points must relate
That move in a manner to make all change,
And since that is true for all space in each state
Some truth must communicate truth through its range.

In spite of all verities truth must remain
Perception is therefore, the plain result

Preventing the changes which time must maintain
From changing the truths which we now consult.

Now change is a truth yet a change in the true
And changing of time is a truth of course,
But change in a change with a change of time too
Perceived as a truth must be caused by force.

So force must be true and by truth be explained,
Explaining be true and the truth made plain,
Perception of changes in truth be retained,
Thus reason be true and some truth contain.

Whence matter must be the first truth we deduced
The cause of perception through space and time,
But changes in matter are ever produced
By forces that act on a plan sublime.

That plan must be based on the truth as perceived
Designing relations in space. Then force

Must act as a will by the plan thus conceived
Producing all change by the truest course.

Thus force or the will by all changes is proved.
Occasioned by time which depends on change,
It acts upon matter perceived to be moved
To bring about order and truth arrange.

Then space was a verity shown at the start
Where truths all exist and designs are formed,
And time is another we prove in part
By change of perception of truth informed.

Then reason we know to be based on the true
Occasioned by changes it forms designs,
Preserving the truth and is brought to view
By order perceived which the will combines.

Perception by reason of time is explained
And space where the changes of truth take place.
Since will and the reason as truths are maintained,
Perception is pleasure or pain as may be the case.

Now change will complete the verities shown,
Vis viva we call it in matter found
Directed by force, based on plans not alone
Depending on matter but change all 'round.

When these are complete in an infinite sphere,
Pure joy is the end and result of all,
But error is finite and pain is here
Commingled with joy as the lot may fall.

If plans that are good and on truths are well based
With effort to help them are wrought by each,
Much pain in the finite is then effaced;
So that is the way for the world to teach.

But infinite wisdom and infinite will,
All-powerful truth and prevailing might,
Eternal and infinite joy must fulfill
And God is the sum of all truth and right.

TRUTH

Chorus:—

Oh warrior bold we now behold
Thy power that none can shake.
From olden time we learn in rhyme
How truth makes error quake.
Thy first rebuff is quite enough
For wiseacres to take.

ROUND OF NATURE

& again:—

To review the round of nature
Trying treasured truths to teach,
Is no newly found adventure.
Rules recalled right reasons reach.

Men have long been seeking vainly
Better being's broader base;
But along with freaks have mainly
Found fair fortune's friendly face.

Ancients scanned the distant heavens
Thinking this then thinking that.
As they planned by mystic sevens
Seers 'side sages sternly sat.

Evolutions now are lusty
Dimly dawning during doubt.
Resolutions vow them trusty
Raising rash religious rout.

We have heard a queer assertion
Which would worry were we wont
Undeterred from sheer aversion,—
"How hard holy hatreds hunt."

Some predict with cold most biting
Frigid frosts for future fate,
Some more strict but old in writing
Breath by burning blazes bate.

Now the mean, no wild assumption,
We will warrant worthy well
Of a clean and mild presumption
Trusting truth to try to tell.

All the stars by slow additions
Gradually greater grow.
Time debars by no conditions
Stern statistics standing so.

Heat with mass alike increasing
As attractions atoms add,
Star lives pass not likely ceasing
Free from foolish freezing fad.

From their surface gauged by squaring
Rays redundant radiate,
Which like purpose waged unsparing
Space sparse spangled spatiate.

Volumes more than areas gaining,
Moving masses mainly make
Heat to store, which, e'er remaining,
Torrid temper tends to take.

Why within the earth is heated,
Question querists quibbling quite,
What they win of worth, defeated,
Rarely reasoning really right.

Moon and sun by side attraction
Cause in crumbling crowning crust
Heating done by tidal action
Through the thermal thickness thrust.

Moons are cold, the planets warmer,
Silent star suns scorching send
Heat untold more than the former,
Each enlarging, equals end.

As from steam the raindrops forming
Dripping, drizzling, downward drop;
So in streaming trains earth storming
Sparkling star specks stranded stop.

Stars thus grow by laws unchanging
Heating hotter, heated hot.
It is so, One Cause arranging
Laws long lasting lofty lot.

Then the flashing ones that vary
Brightly burn by bursting bond;
Like our dashing sons unwary
Dudish dickeys duly donned.

From these suns less dense in matter
Growing gasy getting great,
All at once off thence may scatter
Substance in some super-state.

Thus inverse this cosmic story,
Rationale repeating round,
Times reversed because more hoary,
Gladly gaining goodly ground.

Not begun and still not ending
Time transforms teetotally.
What is done, His Will intending,
Ever ends eternally.

Hence the plan we see at present
As assurance answers all
Seems for man to be most pleasant
Fearing future frightful fall.

We can tell when mites we number
Wherefore whirling worlds will wax.
All is well if nights we slumber,
Love long lasting little lacks.

But to show the way eternal
Trust to time's triumphant test.
Wait, if slow that day supernal,
Bearing bravely being best.

RIGHT AND TRUTH

Chorus:—

For us the polar star
Eternal vigil keeps
While southern cross gleams far
An antipode on deeps.
The constellations bright
In zodiac may shine
On all with changing light
They rise but soon decline.

Thus men and nations rise
And sink again to dust,
While right in cloudless skies
And truth command our trust.
The stormy deep of life
By these bright guiding stars,
We cross through pain and strife
And safely pass its bars.

No change of day or night
  Can dim their lasting glow,
As high above us right
  Out shines all wrong below;
And truth eternal stands
  A guard though deep concealed,
And though in distant lands
  Its lustre be revealed.

Guide:—

We next shall be taught by the power of will
How all things are wrought by omnipotence still,
For Jupiter meant God the father to all
E'er worst came to worst and our race came to fall.

ONE ONLY RULES

Representing 𝔍

Unchanging are the laws of God,
  For all His ways are right,
And though He wields a heavy rod
  The atoms feel His might.

Through time's eternal ceaseless change
His Will remains the same;
And through all space's unbounded range
All beings own His name.

To know His ways we need not seek
For strange uncommon acts,
From doubtful supernatural freak,
But learn of common facts.

From everything and everywhere
We learn the selfsame laws
And common things with common care
Best prove the primal cause.

That cause we know is always One
Who guides our erring feet,
For when at length our strife is done
We see that all was meet.

But One I say and well I may
For hope and vain desire
Are all of will our hearts obey
Until we seek the higher.

Now hopes well based on perfect plans—
Such plans as are most wise—
Are nearest wrought by Him who scans
The schemes our hearts devise.

Some dwellers on an atom taught
That all creation homage brought
To them,
Because the things they sought
Were mostly what their money bought,
And so they thought that all was wrought
For them.

But they were not so wise
As they appeared to selfish eyes
At least,
And nature's cool disguise
Had kept the secret of their size,
Until their lies which truth defies
Decreased.

And then these creatures found
How slight their reason small their ground
For brags,
And now they look around
To see what glory may redound
If kingly crowned or silken gowned
In rags;

For people after all
Are sometimes clad both great and small
In these.
Whatever may befall
As babes they crawl they spew and squall
And so withal men rise and fall
To please

Some other being yet
And in the end themselves forget,
When lo,
The great "I am" has set
A limit net to joy and fret,
They now regret life's needless debt
Of woe.

Deep in the nature of all mankind
Lie the truths of life that the race has discovered.
Often their promptings incite the blind
Who may feel their way till life's path be recovered.

Faith is a guide if that faith be true
And well founded in right which the feelings can sanction.
Error in this some will surely rue
When they miss in the future a heavenly mansion.

Mansions of life are the soul's abode
For the quickening spirits of blest ones to enter—
Not for the selfish with sinful load
Since the spirit's true bliss in its loved ones must center.

Straight is the way through the narrow gate
And but few may attain to the life they are seeking,
Naught but destruction, the bad await
Till they feel the swift vengeance stern justice is wreaking.

Life thou must seek that with love is filled
For the love of thy fathers to all has been given;
Good thou must seek till thy heart be stilled,
And thou findest in children the kingdom of heaven.

THE VOICE OF OUR FATHERS

Chorus:—

In my heart, in my heart,
A voice is calling loud—
Calls for song—calls so long,
Such yearnings be allowed.
From the past it comes to me,
Now at last I hear and see.

Let us all heed the call
That comes so clear and true.
We are told men of old
Have bled for me and you.
Let us keep the good they gave,
Let us reap, and let us save.

Children we all must be
Of noble sires and good.
Happy lot, ne'er forgot,
But little understood!
Yes their love supplies our needs
As the dove its young one feeds.

Through the will ruling still
They guide our wayward feet;
They can chide, they decide
And wrong in us defeat.
We should know their care is sure,
High or low their love is pure.

Bells may toll for the soul
Or ring both loud and clear,
But the way spirits say
They left this mortal sphere,
Was in health while life was sweet,
Not by stealth cold death to greet.

Sparks may creep, flames can leap,
All life can grow and spread,
Heed my words. Life affords
One path for all to tread.
It is straight and narrow too,
Be not late to choose the true.

CREDO

Candidate:—

I believe in one Father almighty, director of all,
But conceive of Him rather from right and correctly withal
Since His ways are most just and the same for all time and all space.
He betrays not my trust for my aim is to climb in His grace.

While no man by bold art can portray His true form or His mind,
Yet we can with pure heart still obey though the storm without blind,
Since He tells us within of His goodness and justice His cause.
Where He dwells is no sin for the good place their trust in His laws.

Not in books nor in men nor in aught they have said do I trust
For it looks as if then were I caught and were led by their lust.

Or perhaps by some scheme they have planned
to control all my means,
By their traps which they deem I will stand
paying toll to their deans.

Never so for one master I own and no more
will I choose.
High, or low, first, as last, though alone and
pressed sore, I will loose
All the earth but will not for a moment desert
what is right.
Of what worth were my lot should I know that
Thou wert not my light.

Oh thou spirit of man and thou soul of our
mothers give heed.
Be ye near as ye can and console all our brothers
in need,
For our way is not long on the journey of life
to its end;
Keep us gay is my song and from worry and
strife e'er defend.

FURTHER LIGHT

Guide:—

In tracing a star from points seven in number,
Three orders are found without changing rote.
These forms we explain lest thy mind we encumber
With reasons unfounded or thoughts remote.

The first is the order wherein is developed
The powers of nature we now will show.
First, infinite Will, God the Father enveloped
In mystery deep, rules the high and low.

His son that He guides throughout all creation,
Is light of all light and the sun of suns—
Vis viva pervading through every formation—
For power almighty through nature runs.

The third is the planning whereby the designer
Completes the grand unit the great triune—
The order of space is thus rendered diviner,
Whence truth and perception and last the moon.

And time is the last to be ever engendered
For *never* complete can this eon be,
So being for all will be never endangered
While birth of the youngest brings endless glee.

Beginning with this comes the order of planets.
This ending with space, we then will learn
Why days of the week help to prove the grand tenets
By leading up steps we must take in turn.

The planet design is of circles concentered—
We figure again from our trestleboard,
And deep was the reasoning someone once entered
As shown from the works of the past restored.

For space is the outer and time is the inner,
As one all embraces the other is all embraced—
The moon in the center with planets about her
Embracing, embraced in the order traced.

Exclusion, inclusion, and juxtaposition,
The order we find in this planet scheme,
Give proof a law of essential relation
As found throughout nature once known we deem.

ABRAXAS

The pyramid too is a symbol we use
To show thee how firmly our reasons are founded.
May life from the past through thy veins still infuse
New hope for the future on certainty grounded.

So broad is the basis that nature has laid,—
So grand the foundation of earth and of heaven,
That space can alone be never gainsaid
In time the prerequisite truth of the seven.

This fact must have moved the great sages of old
Who built the strange temples of worship to planets
To rear them in stages like truths which they told,
The object of all things raised high on their summits.

Thus each in its place bore relations defined
To all that below it or over it rested,
While those underneath were all needed in kind,
To hold up the rest in the place they were tested.

These truths are so boundless—withal so distinct
No doubt can be raised of their infinite nature,
And break is not found when in chains they are linked,
By metaposition arranged peradventure.

Does anyone hint that sevens once sealed
In mystic Apocolypse ever denoted
What Babel's great tower to Accad revealed,
His thoughts to improvement were better devoted.

But when thou hast gained the summit of lore,
Just glance for a moment to what is suggested
And see for thyself pearls that prophets of yore
Cast not before swine lest they all be molested.

Behold these perfections are there to be found,
The spirits of God they are called in allusion,
United as infinites firmly are bound—
Ineffable One as we find in conclusion.

The vaulted blue we now review
Where Saturn wields the sceptre.
There rays of light illume its night
To banish every spectre.

From tiny mite through awful height,
These rays have searched creation;
So they should tell who know so well
Prime truths and their relation.

RESUMÉ IN THIRD ORDER

♄ The rays of light from stars above,
Disclose what wonders there abound,
And thus inspiring nature's love
They fill the mind with thoughts profound,
But clearly prove there is no bound
To space through which they ever rove.

Thus from the starry crown of night
Has come to us an aged ray,
And since he truly speaks with light
Oh ponder well his words, I pray;
For ancient light reveals the way
That leads to wisdom, joy, and right.

Ray representing ☽ :—

From distant parts and times remote
I come with light to greet mankind
And human welfare to promote,

That all who seek the truth may find
A worthy treasure for the mind
By weighing all my words denote.

In ancient times the stars were known
As mystic symbols to the sage
Whose secrets lost the wise bemoan.
Five planets since the golden age
With sun and moon our thoughts engage.
These move like lamps around a throne.

That they were named from truths of God
Their worship in the temple tells.
In ruins buried 'neath the sod
The tower of Babel's mystic spells
The errors of the past dispells,
For planet priests its pavement trod.

The son of space is king of all
As naught escapes his vast domain.
He calmly smiles on great and small
That strive to soar, alas, in vain;
But happy world does not disdain
And thus has praised this tiny ball.—

"Fair Eden is a trysting place
With blooming fields by waters blue
Where nature coyly and with grace
Unfolds her virgin charms to view.
All joy in life is there for you
For me the cold, cold realms of space." ♄

☺ But mingled with good there is also much evil
For here in the world which indeed is fair
Some people we find while apparently civil
Are never content with an honest share.

Not knowing what change may befall them to-morrow
They wrongfully seek for their selfish gain,
And casting on others a burden of sorrow
By just retribution must suffer pain.

For change is the master of every condition
As such after space we should laud that might

Whose sword smites the haughty to humble
contrition
Destroying the evil enthroning the right.

While caused by vis viva or something in
motion
In all of its forms it is found the same
As light, heat, expansion, electric condition,
In color, and hardness, or chemical flame.

The ancients declaring the sun was its
symbol
As all kinds of energy come from thence
Devoted a court that was grand in the
temple
Of spheres, unto him as a consequence.

By doing some good should all means be
expanded
Lest power unearned may the eye bedim.
Men better by far seek the right empty-
handed
Than work for the devil and get but him.

They tell me that man is now gaining new powers
Already his Knowledge has greater range.
But all his ambition's most beautiful towers
Must yield to vis viva the cause of change. ☉

☽ Now there is an olden story
Told of men among the stars,
How they used to seek for glory
For wealth and envied fame
Not by toil and honored scars
But ways of sin and shame.

And in wealth and vaunted power
Some of them became so rich
That they forced the rest to cower
As slaves beneath their feet.
But there came a day in which
They suffered sore defeat.

Thus has Time our hoary father,
Dealt with all his children proud.
Blessing now a lowly brother
He seals the wicked's doom
And enfolds him with a shroud
In dark oblivion's tomb.

But before this sordid era
  Was the happy golden age
When the people's hearts were nearer,
Secure in peace and love
  From the tyrant's awful rage—
From falcon's like the dove.

Wisdom all their ways inspired,
  Not the purse of Mammon's guile,
Oft by force and fraud acquired,
Nor did the wicked rise
  High in place and there revile
The innocent or wise.

Well they taught that human power
  Like the moon must wax and wane—
Like the sweetness of a flower
Must come and go for aye.
  Through the flight of years in vain
One seeks that former day.

Moving onward is the present
  From the past forever gone
To the future, sad or pleasant,
With justice most sublime
  Weighing out results upon
Remorseless scales of time. ☾

♀ I am a ray that speaks with light
But I speak with gravity too.
I tell the source of all delight
And the work that all have to do.

I tell the earth of yonder sun
And she winds around him her clue.
The spheres have known since time begun
That my word has always been true.

Forever onward do I speed
With vis viva giving me strength.
Each whirling atom will I heed
Long as time may last with its length.

Eight times around the earth I go
While your heart is once heard to beat.
What think you when I call it slow
To convey through space light and heat?

How many truths I bring to you
For I tell whereof stars are made—
Reflect their image in the dew.
Was I ever fairly gainsaid?

I tell of planets moon and sun
Of their course the ancients well knew;
And named them from the facts that run
All-throughout the universe true.

The first three parts of nature known
And the fourth is clear as the day.
First where, whereby, and when were shown
Now the truth's etherial ray. ♂

☿ How sweet is the song of the songster!
How fair is the blush of a maiden!
How grand is the work of a master!
Such sweetness and melodies gladden
The heart and ennoble the listener
With gleams from a soul that is hidden.

Like leaven in dough that is kneaded,
This spirit of harmony spreading
Developes its likeness unheeded,
Till forces discordant are blending—
Where grossness and evil existed
Are peace and enjoyment abounding.

Enjoined to the present this spirit
Contemplates the past and the future.
It shapes the fair forms we inherit
And makes the designs of all nature
Adorning the whole with its merit
From snowflake to human adventure.

Let man thus rejoice in his nature
So perfectly wrought for his being
And carefully guard for the future
All motives, from sinfulness freeing
His life; for this holiest treasure
His forefathers left to their offspring.

Who then would destroy his own powers?
Or leave to his children but weakness!
Not he in whose heart love embowers
With impulse for good and discreetness—
Whose thoughts when life's thunder cloud lowers
Turn back to his mother in meekness.

Then keep the soul pure for your children
Which ancestors kept for your welfare
For "theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

You knew that your soul would go somewhere
But never the right guess have given.
May peace be your lot when you get there.

This leaven of life is immortal
Renewing itself as by spreading,
And all reunites at death's portal
Like raindrops in rivers commingling.
No accident ever so fatal
Destroys the soul that is living. ☿

☿ Yet nobody's plan that was ever constructed
Worked out just the way that person designed;
With just enough difference in wisdom conducted
To prove it was done by infinite mind;

For when it most seems that a bad plan will prosper
The worst of all evil turned in its course

Bounds back like a boomerang hurting its thrower.
Bad luck to the knave who uses much force!

Thus all of the factors of life work together
The end being good for him who plans well;
While every event proves there is but one Author,
What plans He will follow, no one can tell.

So men should be brought into coöperation
Each having a share as good as the rest.
As cells in one body all serve for protection
When each shall be useful all will be blest.

With stocks and with checks and a limited credit,
Each ruling the share he earns for himself,
Relations are settled with no one to debit
And silver and gold are laid on the shelf.

For man as we know cannot work for two masters
And serve them in heart and truth all his life.

The power of one must prevent all disasters
And lead to perfection 'mid error and strife.

His power is law throughout all creation
Which finite designs unite to fulfill.
All change for each moment is under probation
Of infinite Wisdom's infinite will. ♃

♀ In every change of life or death
There is a joy or great relief
Which all may feel in every breath,
If they will have sincere belief
In perfect wisdom's perfect plan
And cling to that the best they can.

For joy and pain come last of all.
In them is found the reason why
All things exist both great and small.
Not joy for self but joy on high
Must be the trend of all desire
That wins the price of godly hire.

So man should live for joy on earth
And wealth be used for public good
While ruled by those who prove their worth
For private need well understood—
Small sums bestowed on all concerned
But naught transferred direct till earned.

For wealth not earned is easy lost
And fills the world with fraud and scheme.
To seize the reins at smallest cost
And drive the steeds is envy's dream,
But when they once have lost their course
These human steeds resist all force.

Rich girls and beaux may be the rage
Since wealth may make them wondrous fine.
What pity when they reach old age
To find the world has lost its shine!
For steady growth to power should give
The means to rule while one may live.

And so before I bid adieu
To earth, fair home of selfish men,
These primal truths will I review,

For man has known and may again
The where, whereby, when, what, and how,
The must and why I tell you now.

Through all, these secrets, deep, are laid,
From insect life to stars that gleam;
Then read the book that ne'er betrayed—
Its name is nature, love, its theme;
Its hero, man, his life its toy;
Its Author, God; its end, His joy. ♀

♂ ADIEU

Ray representing ♂ :—

If any man with mind so clear
Can read the book his sires have penned
In his own nature—thought most dear—
He knows the facts my words defend.

And he who knows the past may scan
The future through the veil of sleep
When he shall join his brother man
And from his joys a harvest reap.

Each day should call to mind my words—
Vis viva, Sunday, Monday, time;
For this, the sun to all affords,
And that recalls the moon sublime.

Then Tiw in Tuesday follows next,
Or Mars the war god comes along,
Whose spear and dart his foemen vexed,
While wingèd thought is Wednesday's song.

Then Thor or Jove the ruling will,
With Freya, Friday, Venus' day,
The last we trace to Saturn still
Whose father Coelus leads the way.

These thoughts recall the golden age
When men enjoyed a happy life,
And may they its return presage
And men again forsake their strife.

For o'er a chasm deep and wide
The narrow bridge of life extends,
And those who reach the other side
May learn the rest. My story ends.

Guide concludes:—

These are the thoughts a ray of light
More ancient than the works of man
Suggest, and may they bring delight
To those who toil in rear or van.
In doubt or darkness pain or grief
Faith hope and love are sure relief.

Not faith in man but faith in God
Whose gracious will our hope fulfills,
Illumes the paths our fathers trod
To endless life; but error fills
This life with stings no tongue can tell
If love doth not within us dwell.

How sacred is the trust of life
That from our natal hour to death
We keep with guarding instinct rife
Lest sin destroy this fleeting breath.
Ancestral virtue, honor's might
Should be our offsprings holy right.

Unshielded by the power of wealth
Let each one prove his worth by hire.
Let all he saves by strength aud health

While wisdom craft and all conspire
Return him income, try that worth,
But serve mankind alike at birth.

Upon this rock our house must stand
While seething floods of wrong sweep by—
No longer built upon the sand
We raise its turrets to the sky
And hail the coming day of light
Just dawning as our ray takes flight.

A ray of light through gloom and night,
A beacon gleaming far and wide,
A smile of love from beauty bright
That wins a sweetheart to its side,
Is well proved truth to waning faith
That guides the soul along life's path.

When questions that all minds propound
Are answered in the order named,
Their logic in themselves profound
Unfolds the gnostic eons famed,
And leads us to the goal of love
Through faith and hope in One above.

CLOSING CHORAL

Chorus:—

Awake, arise, return to mortal vision!
The world defies and calls for firm decision.
Improve the soul and keep thy body healthy;
Make good the whole and thus be truly wealthy.

Within life's sphere is room for every blessing,
From childhood dear with mother's hand caressing
To manhood strong now virtue's brave defender.
How like a song, good works, this life, can render!

We charge thee keep the precious vital powers
And thou shalt reap a garnered sheaf in bowers.
Behold, O man, thy glorious round of living!
Partake, who can, the joys, its fruits are giving!

Preserve the truth, the false and wrong abandon.
The right, forsooth, is firmest ground to stand on.
Consider well the path thy steps should follow,
The mean to tell betwixt the height and hollow.

Let each one earn his rights among his fellows
That all may learn how hardship hard hearts mellows,
And how the weak develop mind and muscle
When life they seek amidst the wide world's bustle.

That love obtain its choice of heart unfettered
By thought of gain in purse or station bettered,
Do thou despise vain titles sot's inherit
And dearly prize a life of worth and merit.

We hail thee, man, and trust these lessons ended
Will aid that plan of life our sires defended.—
Now take thy stand upon these truths most hoary
And lend thy hand to help the cause of glory.

SLEEP

When sadness most o'ercomes us
And hopes long cherished fail,
Dull worriment benumbs us
The light of love grows pale,
Exhausted then with sorrow
We turn at last to sleep
Not knowing what the morrow
In store for us may keep.

Bright visions soon surround us
To soothe our aching nerves,
Our dream friends too have found us
While sleep our strength preserves.
Where grim day visions hovered
A background rich may form
With dreamland's pictures covered
Like sunshine after storm.

Sweet sleep restores good humor
And gives us heart to live,
To bear with ruthless rumor,
And erewhile foes forgive.
We thus should guard our slumbers,

Keep mind and body sound,
With life attuned to numbers
That health and joy abound.

THE PILL PEDLER'S PLEA

One part of Bible creed
Some doctors never heed—
"Those who are well do not need a physician."
Truth let them tell though it lead to confession.

One talks to himself:—

"It makes nobody weep
And no one loses sleep,—
Only a pill it will keep off the worry
Lest they be ill and their people be sorry."

To his patients:—

"Beware what food you eat
And never taste of meat,
Then you must know nothing sweet is quite proper.
When you are so be discreet with your supper."

To himself again:—

" For some are never well
And thus their fears to quell
Who is not willing to tell what will please them.
Think of the bill it will swell to appease them."

" The ladies call us good;
They surely never would,
If we perchance ever should by commission
Tell at a glance as we could their condition."

How many doctors take
This fool's advice and shake—
Never disclose when they make diagnoses
Health unto those who will take down their doses!

And so the preachers plead
" Let all the people heed—
Those who are well do not need a physician."
Churches and prelates, come, lead the procession!

For that advice he gave
Who taught you how to save
Souls that are weak, not the brave and the
righteous.
Life let us seek not the grave which will hide us.

Now, when the world is wise,
And people use their eyes,
Fools are the cast to disguise their opinion.
Truth comes at last when the wise hold dominion.

THE PRIEST AND HOUSEWIFE

A doughty priest of high repute
  Imbued with all his sacred lore,
Betook himself to find the root
  Of evil which had grieved him sore.

A rustic housewife first he met
  Unbent his lordly mien, and asked,—
"What cares and evils most beset
  Thy lot with hardships tasked?"

Quoth she,—"I have a wicked hen
  That grieves me much of late;
She will go back to sit again
  Although I doused her pesky pate."

To which the priest at once replied,—
"No doubt baptism will save the souls,
In sinful men where they reside
But wicked hens no law controls."

"I'll teach her yet"— the woman said,
"She knows enough to fight her way
And watch her chance to get ahead,
I'll put her where she'll have to stay."

"And thus this senseless hen immure,
Good woman?" said the priest. "I fear
Thy heart with sin is yet impure,
For thy salvation came I here."

"Then catch that hen at once for me
And save me all this needless fuss.
Thy mother's son should never see
Her likeness grieved by such a muss."

The humble prelate meekly sought
To catch that wicked sitting hen.
Among the coops the chase was fought
With trials hard for scribe to pen.

At last with hands all pecked and scratched,
He brought her forth with pains and care.
His deftness had been doubly matched
By housewife's word and hen's despair.

And now to extricate himself
From such confusion all around,
He left the woman to herself,
With heart unchanged as he had found.

He mused while going home that day,
"The root of evil is explained,—
All creatures want to have their way
And someone thus is always pained.

"The hen was right with sense or not
To seek her nest and hatch her brood;
The housewife too had not forgot
Her children needed eggs for food.

"But all are slow to understand
The needs which others greatly feel.
My work hereafter shall be planned
To help those who for help appeal."

THE COMMONWEAL HYMN

WRITTEN APRIL 18, 1894

Why plods over hills in the snow and through valleys
With odds and great ills as we know in the way,
A throng that now fills all the byways and alleys
With song such as thrills men who try to be gay?

They gather as lost ones to seek their salvation,
Would rather be tossed by the bleak sea of fate,
Than meet with such cost as their home's desolation,
So great the chill frost as they roam from its gate.

Is freecom a curse? Were our fathers mistaken?
And we thus the worse since we are their own sons?
Or will this reverse amidst plenty awaken
Men willing to nurse what was lent by their guns?

Once more we will take a firm step to more
forward,
This corps shall awake what has slept in men's
hearts,
For freedom must make *commonweal* its grand
war word,
Or flee from the wake of cold steel and fell arts.

And now once again let us cling to our nation
And vow we are men as we sing a new
hymn.
The world may know then why we spurn its
damnation
And hurl deuce to den as we turn unto Him.

WHO ARE COSMOPOLITAN?

Of those who had the pleasure
Of viewing the World's Columbian Exposition,
No doubt are some who treasure
Remembrance of things unique in their com-
position.

And naught perhaps was stranger
Than Taoist designs demonstrating their religion.
Of sin they showed the danger
And heaven was also pictured,—a happy region.

Here all the nations gather
Beneath the eternal smiles of our Morgol Pater.
Of course our friends would rather
Have God in their image. Would He not thus be greater?

"Oh yes," our guide is saying,
For we are more cosmopolitan than are Christians.
You see all nations playing
On harps in our heaven—things never taught at missions—

The wise are thus confounded.
Perhaps we will go at last to a monkey heaven
When Gabriel's horn is sonnded,
And then understand the parables of meal and leaven.

What right has man pretending
That he is the only creature that lives hereafter?
Does not all life extending
Renew for itself its being in form thereafter?

And if both souls and bodies
Thereby are renewed, why surely this explanation
Would give a chance for monkeys
To pose in a cosmopolitan monkey nation.

Or, giving place to wisdom,
We come to the more appropriate in conclusion,—
That God's eternal Kingdom
Has made for all life eternity *no* delusion.

SO SAYS THE DOCTOR

Useless things that people want
They had better never have,
So says the doctor.

Rounds and revels rich folks vaunt
Squalls and squabbles poor ones have,
Then call the doctor.

Toothsome bits of dainty trash,
Peaches, apples, yet too green,
Make work for doctors.
Sweetened milk with sour hash
For a babe too young to wean
Brings in the doctors.

Careful living steady ways,
Homely comforts always best,
Need not the doctor.
Sleep for nights and work for days
Needful change and sometimes rest,
Help out the doctor.

Not for rich and not for poor
Are the blessings all bestowed,
So says the doctor.
Healthful life is very sure
Soon to find the happy road,
So says the doctor.

Road to life that narrow way!
Few there be that find it quick
Without a doctor.
Live correctly day by day
But when errors make you sick,
Call in the doctor.

BABY WANTS THE MOON

My baby claps his hands
As he feels in happy mood,
When in my lap he lands
And he pulls my hair so rude.

The moon up in the sky
Is shining sweetly down,
But why does baby cry
Till his ma begins to frown?

The cause is found full soon
When baby reaches out,
He surely wants the moon
And he will not do without.

"How like his dad he seems,
And how like his ma he is."
Just now he cries, he screams,
And he pulls my hair. Gee whiz!

But after all we see
He is like the human race,—
At first all filled with glee
But he soon makes wry his face.

And all because he wants
A delight quite out of reach.
Our nature there confronts
Us. We find ourselves to teach.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE

Little Lizard lingers lazily
In the sun beside a leaf,
Moody, moping, moving mazily,
Slow in action past belief.

Speckled Spider spins beside of him
Never heeding who is there
Foolish Fly feels free from fear of them
Seeing all so still and fair.

Tightly tangled, truly terrible
Now the fly has met his fate,
Hardly heeding how his horrible
Foe has caught him till too late.

Naughty nature knowing knavishness,
Taught the lizard also tricks.
Brute beguiling brate by brutishness
In his mouth the spider licks.

Feigning, fierce for foul ferocity,
Act the foes of every race.
Shrewdly showing sharp sagacity
Even man his source may trace.

VESPER (SAPPHO)

Ἓσπερε πάντα φέρεις ὅσα φαίνολις
ἐσκέδασ' αὔως,
ἄιγα σὺ οἶν τε φέρεις, σὺ φέρεις
καὶ ματέρι παῖδα.

"O Vesper, thou bringest all home
That the light of the morning doth scatter—

The kids and the lambkins that roam,
Baby footsteps to mother now patter."

How sweetly these thoughts to us come
From the poems of Lesbian Sappho.
Though her tongue in long silence be dumb
May her motherly words nightly echo.

When evening's bright star first appears,—
"σὺ φέρεις καὶ ματέρι παῖδα."
Her song may still hush baby's tears—
"And thou bringest my child back to mother."

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